"Not for you. What are you teaching?"

Lazar, who stood behind us, replied, "These are fine people, brothers. What they teach about the land is for our good."

"You yourselves can hear what we are teaching." I added, "Call a meeting in the village, and we shall be glad to talk to your people."

But the man with the gun stood before us like a rock. The others came closer, grim and silent. "About the land," said the man with the gun, "we know all we need to know. And we know all about God and the Tsar. The community has decided not to listen to you."

"That is your business," I replied. "If you do not wish to listen, there is no need for us to stop at your place."

"You won't pass," said the man. "The road is ours. Turn back! Hurry up!"

The muzhiks raised their pitchforks and poles. It was hard to turn the sleighs in the narrow track between the snowdrifts. One sleigh toppled over but no one moved to help us. Finally we took our seats again. The man with the gun asked, "Where will you go now?"

"To the glass factory. People there are not afraid to hear the truth."

"Your truth is dog's feed," he replied angrily. "The factory is just the place for you. Go on."

We made a detour and from a distance saw the men still barricading the road.

A HOUSE DIVIDED

The glass factory stood on the rim of a steep hill—a dozen buildings and sheds of various sizes, and behind them barracks and dwellings of workers and managerial personnel. The village was at the foot of the hill—a small church with a blue bulb-shaped cupola and two lines of log cottages, with sheds and a lacing of fences behind them.

The road branched at the entrance of the village. Lazar took the road uphill to the factory and stopped in front of the long, nicely built schoolhouse. The classroom occupied two-thirds of it, and the rest served as the teacher's living quarters.

It was growing dark. All the houses, except the school and teacher's quarters, were lighted. We knocked at the door. The curtain at the nearest window moved a little, then the door opened, and a girl's voice called, "Come in, comrades! We are so happy you have come."

The two girls—the teachers at the factory school and the village school—had locked themselves in the dark house. They told us what had happened that morning after their return from Chorino. The